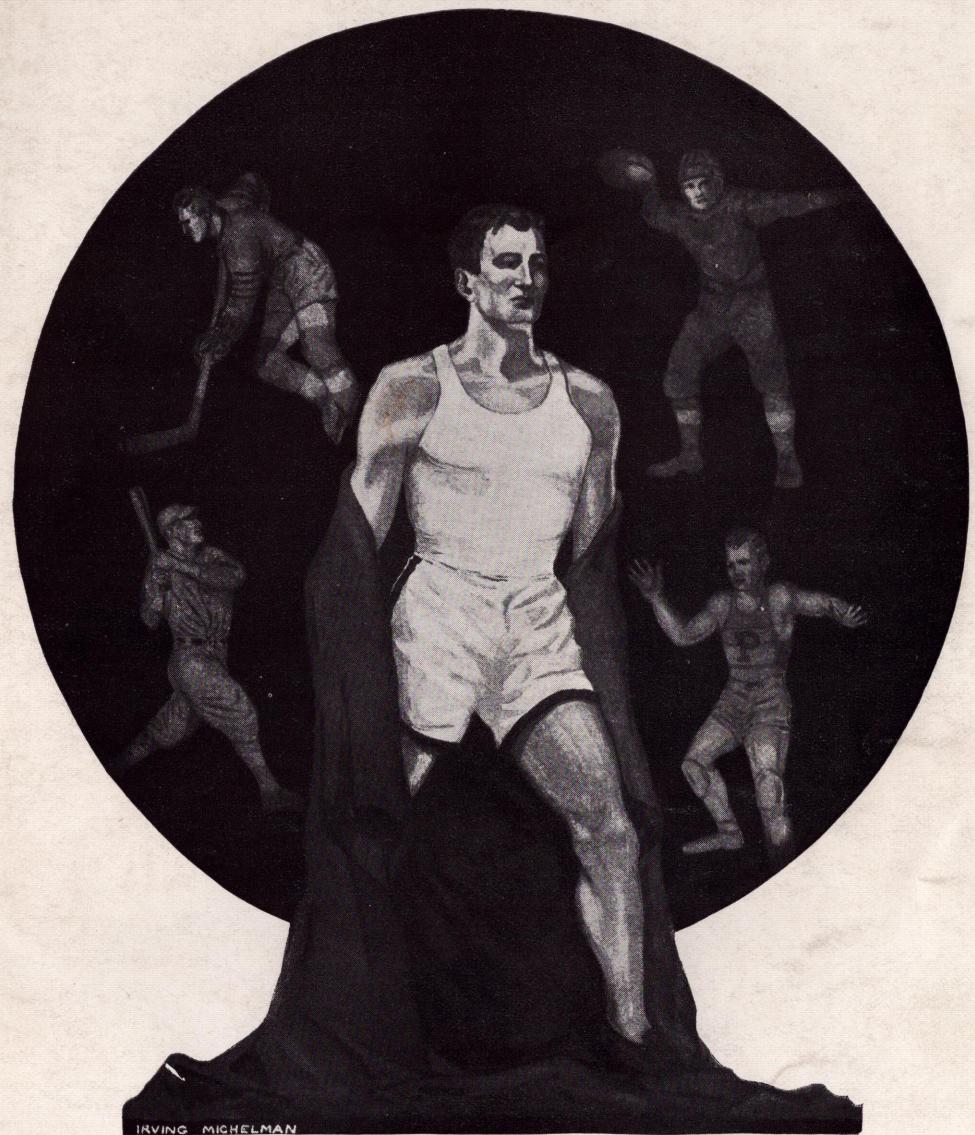


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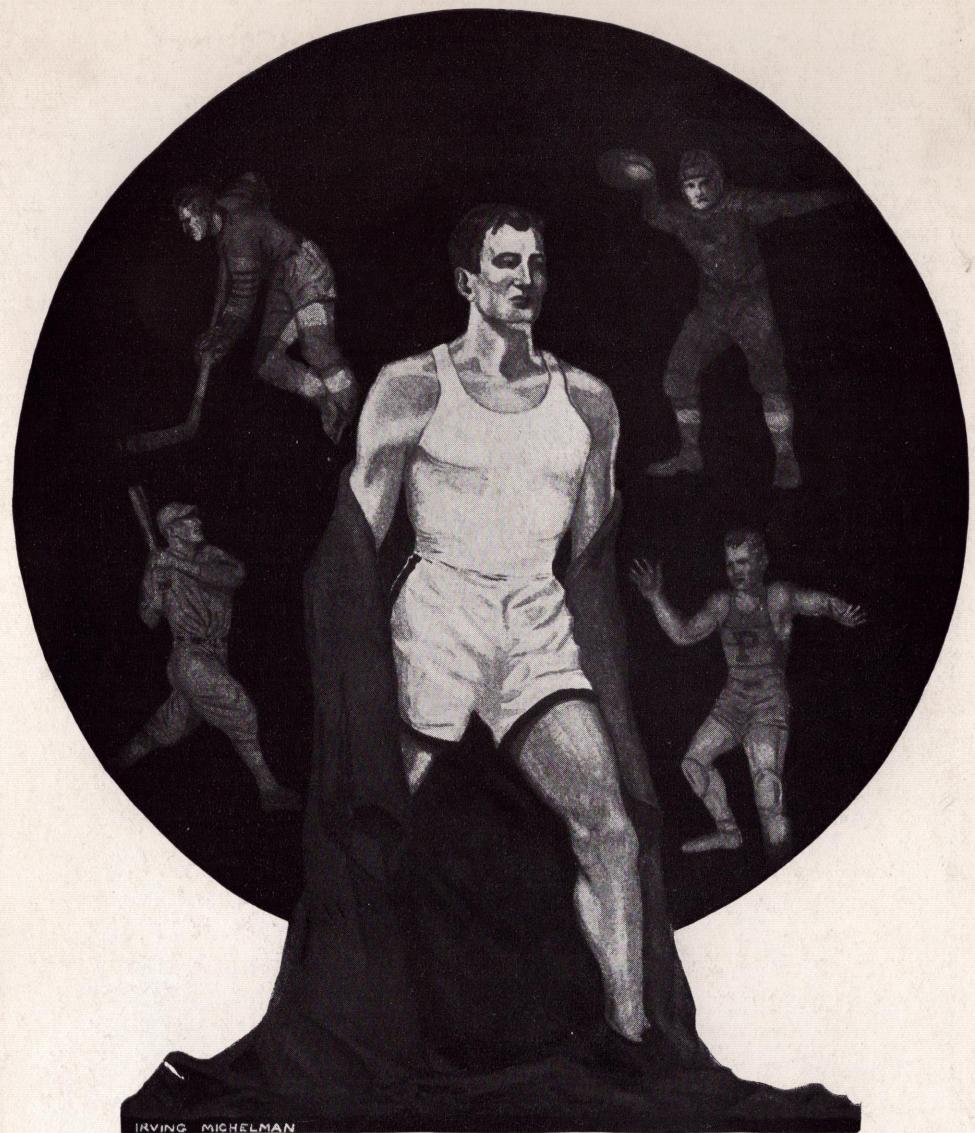
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The Student's Pen

May, 1933



The Student's Pen

May, 1933

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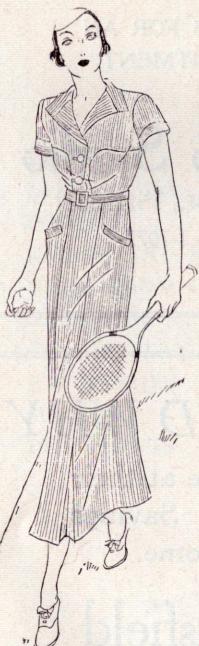
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THE STUDENT'S PEN

FOUNDED 1893

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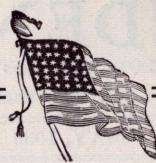
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TABLE OF CONTENTS

	Page
EDITORIALS	5
LITERATURE	7
POETRY	17
ESSAYS AND SPECIALS	20
NEWS FROM COLLEGES	27
CARTOONS	34
SENIOR PLAY	35
EXCHANGES	36
SPORTS	37
PEN POINTS	40





Memorial Day

Dirge for a Soldier

As man may, he fought his fight,
Proved his truth by his endeavor;
Let him sleep in solemn night,
Sleep forever and forever.

Fold him in his country's stars,
Roll the drum and fire the volley!
What to him are all our wars?
What but death bemocking folly?

Leave him to God's watching eye;
Trust him to the hand that made him.
Mortal love weeps idly by;
God alone has power to aid him.
Lay him low, lay him low,
In the clover or the snow!
What cares he? he cannot know;
Lay him low!

George Henry Baker, 1862

EDITORIALS



Do You Want Athletics?

"Coach, we wanna' have a baseball team!"

"Coach, we wanna' have a track team!"

"Coach, we wanna' have a golf team!"

■ . . . And so we find two hundred or so boys milling about the "gym" office: each desirous that P. H. S. be represented on the athletic fields of Berkshire County. And there is no one anywhere so anxious that we continue in competitive sports as are John T. Carmody and Charles E. Stewart, but the time will soon come when an abrupt halt will be ordered in our sports' program if an immediate and decided change is not made in the stand adopted by the student body in regard to the financial support of athletics.

You must realize, sophomores, juniors, and seniors, that an athletic organization is a student function—*independent of City Hall*—and must be supported, *financially and morally*, by the students. We place emphasis on this fact that athletics is an absolute and definite school activity, and like a senior play or junior prom, must derive its sustenance from those who receive any benefits or advantages, whatsoever, from it.

At this point we might say that the boys who are chosen for the various squads are the ones who, unquestionably, derive the greatest benefits from athletics. Yet they are the very ones who consistently refrain from contributing to the weekly collection, which is the very backbone of our entire athletic organization. Out of the seventy-eight boys who signified their intention of being on the baseball squad, it was revealed by an investigation that only nine of this group paid regularly to the "nickel" collection. An enviable record, you athletes!

At the present writing, we have an enrollment of over seventeen hundred pupils. And from this patriotic assembly, the athletic treasury receives, on an average, twelve dollars per week! In 1926 we had nine hundred students in the school and received thirty-five dollars per week. Now, with twice as many enrolled, the "nickel" returns are two thirds less. It can be readily perceived that the Athletic Association cannot operate any length of time under these conditions. Therefore the question that will soon be placed before the school is, "Do you want athletics continued?"

If your answer is in the negative, the present evidence that you are a disloyal and uninterested student body will be substantiated and Pittsfield High School no longer will be represented in the competitive sports of Berkshire County. However, if you decide that this particular school function should be continued, you must prove that fact to the Association by commencing immediately to contribute to the weekly collection. It matters not whether you go to one game or a dozen; whether you are an athlete or a spectator; or whether you receive the plaudits of the multitudes for your act. But if you have one tinge of loyalty to your school, to the purple and white banner, you will arouse yourselves from this lethargy and support that which made the Greeks mighty and that which will make our nation more wholesome and pure—competitive sports.

To the Editor of *The Student's Pen*:

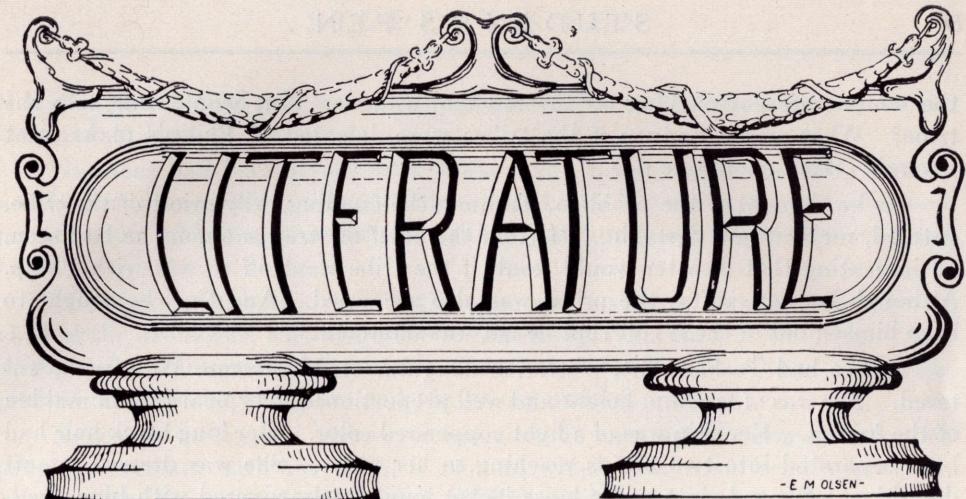
A situation facing the members of the Pittsfield High School faculty, is one with reference to the lunch hours and the privilege the teachers maintain of cutting in on the lunch line, where they please. Many of the students resent this, and have expressed their thoughts in regard to this question, saying, on the first thought, they want their dinner as soon as anyone else. The regular lunch line appears very long and when some one cuts in, they feel greatly delayed.

This reaction on this situation does not seem to be widespread, and exists only among a certain few, who, I suppose, feel they are the ones who are imposed upon every noon hour for this same thing.

However, many of these very same pupils show a great deal of courtesy at home, on occasions which are as important as such school events. The same courtesy should be shown by the pupils in all school incidents. The teacher, after all, is higher than we are, and we should show this. It is the duty of the teacher to be the last one out of her room and to lock the door, before going to her lunch. She must also report to her room immediately after lunch to attend to the pupils whom may want some individual help or advice. This may be either at her home room or in her study hall. This requires much hurrying by the teacher, and the pupils should co-operate by cheerfully making room for her. This co-operation should not only be shown by the pupils in the lunch lines but in all ways possible.

It is hoped that such a situation will not be the cause of much opposition on the part of the student body.

Janet Meade



Wahconah

An Indian Legend of the Berkshires

IT was a strange gathering, that May afternoon in the year 1676. But then, these were strange times. King Philip, known to his race as Metacomet, sachem of the Wampanoags, was plotting to drive the white man back across the sea. Already he had persuaded many tribes to join him, and now he had come to the green-clad Berkshires, seeking to add still more warriors to his forces.

At this time there dwelt in the valley where Pittsfield now stands two groups of Indians. One, by far the more powerful and numerous, was part of the Mohican Nation; the other, scattered in many separate bands throughout the valley, was made up of part of the survivors of the Pequot, who had been defeated and almost exterminated by the colonial government of Connecticut.

But Philip, or Metacomet, did not choose to seek out the stronger Mohicans; rather, he visited a small band of the Pequot, living near the site of modern Dalton. And it was this band that had gathered in council, that sultry May afternoon, to hear the words of the chieftain of the Wampanoags.

Standing before the gathering, as Demosthenes might have stood before the Athenians, Philip began to speak, preaching his message of freedom. The great chief outlined the wrongs which he laid at the door of the whites. He told the red men of his friend, Nessacus, a sachem of the Quabuag, who was already planning the capture of Deerfield. He subtly reminded his listeners of their own defeat by the colonists in the Pequot War of 1637. Cunningly he mingled truth and fiction, swayed his audience, and touched their inner feelings. Then, rising to heights of fury, he asked a question, well-designed to awaken the warlike element in the crowd, "Are we women to cook in the lodges, or are we men to drive the paleface back to the land from where he came? The white man must go!"

He paused with impressive dignity, then simply added, "I have spoken."

In his lodge that night, Miahcomo, chief of this band of Pequot, pondered the problem before him. Should he allow his tribe to fight with Metacomet, or should he keep them at home? Clearly the people wanted war. And indeed,

the white were encroaching on the red man's lands. But would war help the tribe? What would happen if the tribes were defeated, if Philip's plans went wrong? What should he do?

As he thought of the problem, Tashmu, the cunning, wily priest of the tribe, entered, muffled in a deerskin. He told the chief of strange omens he had seen, all indicating that disaster would result if the tribe went off to war with Philip. Although he was crafty, the priest was also a coward. And thus he sought to keep himself out of the revolt that he felt was imminent.

Scarce had Tashmu left, when the daughter of Miahcomo, Wahconah, entered. She was of medium height and well proportioned, a typical Indian maiden of the forests. Her skin was of a light copper-red color. Her long black hair had been separated into two braids reaching to her waist. She was dressed in soft deerskins, a fringed skirt and a loose jacket, completely covered with blue bead-work and hung with strings of wampum.

Beautiful she was, so beautiful that her fame had spread far and wide through the neighboring tribes, who called her the White Fawn of the Pequot. It was even rumored that she had received marriage offers from a certain mysterious Mohawk dignitary, a renowned warrior of fifty scalps.

She, too, had come to plead with her father not to join the war against the whites. Unswayed by Philip's eloquence, she persuaded her father to decline to fight. And so Miahcomo, moved by his daughter's words, decided to remain at home with his tribe.

The young braves were furious. Many openly said that the horrors of the Pequot War, forty years past, had turned Miahcomo's blood to water. Others declared that Tashmu, who had been seen going to the chief's lodge that night of the decision, had crushed the last remaining sparks of his courage. After a time, however, the grumbling died down, and the matter was dropped.

Two years passed in peace. News gradually seeped into the valley where the tribe dwelt of the defeat and death of Philip, of the growing power of the colonists, and of the gradual extermination of the eastern tribes. It was even rumored that a large force, sent by the Massachusetts colonial government, was pursuing the remnants of one tribe to the west, but as yet nothing was definite.

It was a pleasant June day. Wahconah, tiring of fishing in the pool under the falls that now bears her name, threw her head back on the grass and gazed at the clouds above. Lulled by the steady murmur of the falls and the sultry heat, she fell asleep. How long she slept, she did not know, but when she awoke a group of strange Indians were standing near her, looking at the falls. Startled, she cried out in astonishment.

The chief among the strange red men turned and approached her. Very courteously he apologized for disturbing her. His name, he said, was Nessacus, and he was sachem of the Quabuag. His people were weary of fighting the white men, and they were fleeing to the west. Then he asked if his tribe might remain in this valley, where they would be safe from the inroads of the colonists.

Wahconah answered that the chief, her father, was now absent with all the warriors of the tribe on a visit to their feudal lords, the Mohawks. But she added

that the young chief and his people might remain with them until her father returned, at least.

Nessacus had been struck with Wahconah's beauty when he first saw her, and he had at once fallen violently in love with her. Moreover, she soon returned his affection. Matters were at this critical juncture when Miahcomo returned home.

With him and the warriors of the tribe was a visitor, Yonnunguh, the war chief of the Mohawks, who had come to take away Wahconah as his bride. And it can easily be imagined that he felt a fierce hatred for Nessacus when he saw the mutual affection between him and the young maiden.

Nessacus, no laggard in love or business, at once asked permission for his people to remain with the tribe, a request which Miahcomo readily granted. Furthermore, he asked for the hand of Wahconah in marriage. The old chief would have granted this, too, except for the fierce opposition of Yonnunguh.

Two propositions soon became tribal polities. The first was the marriage of Nessacus and Wahconah; the second provided for the removal of the tribe to the west, for even the Pequots were feeling the results of the white man's inroads. Miahcomo was heartily in favor of the first proposal, but he was loath to leave the hills he had grown to love. Nessacus, however, favored this latter plan. Yonnunguh opposed both measures, threatening to bring down the vengeance of his nation if the Pequot moved.

While Miahcomo favored Nessacus, it was quite evident that Tashmu, the wily priest, was helping Yonnunguh. When the rival lovers at length decided to fight it out, he forbade it. Each occurrence—the flight of a bird, a storm, the breaking of a moccasin thong—suddenly became an omen from Manitou, the Great Spirit.

Then Tashmu retired to the dark ravine where the Indian magicians used to receive their instructions. Today we call the spot Wizard's Glen, and even now it has a weird, depressing atmosphere. Here the priest remained for several days, emerging at length with a tiny birch bark canoe, covered with mystic symbols.

He said that Manitou told him in a dream that he should set this canoe adrift above the falls and let it float downstream. If it passed on one side of a certain rock, Yonnunguh might have Wahconah; if on the other, Nessacus should marry her. This plan meeting the approval of the tribe, Tashmu set a day for the trial and appointed each man to stand on one side of the brook.

On the night before the trial, after the village was asleep, Yonnunguh and the priest met at the falls. Here they labored for several hours, changing the stones in the brook so that they would direct the current bearing the canoe away from Nessacus. And so the eventful day came.

The decision was to be given at noon. Shortly before that time the rivals took their places on the sides of the stream. Tashmu, holding the mysterious canoe in his hand, climbed onto a great slab of rock just above the falls. Almost the whole tribe was watching the priest as he prayed to the Great Spirit to guide the canoe. Then, uttering some magic words of his craft, he set the tiny canoe adrift.

For a moment it held back; then, gathering speed, it plunged over the falls. For a long minute it was hidden under the spray. Men wondered if it had caught on a rock. Then it suddenly came forth from under the mist. It sailed smoothly downstream, straight for Yonnunguh. But it soon straightened, in a long, graceful arc; it stopped on the fateful rock itself. It hesitated, then finally swept downstream on the side given to Nessacus. Wahconah was won!

But danger still lurked for the young chief. For the canoe had scarcely sped out of sight when a Mohican runner, from a neighboring village on Pontoosuc Lake, burst on the scene, bearing news that a large armed force of white men was even now crossing the Hoosac range, in pursuit of Nessacus and his tribe. All the warriors of the valley immediately mustered and set out to ambush the invaders.

We cannot here tell the details of that battle. Suffice it to say that Major Tallcott, the commander, defeated the Indians; that Miahcomo and the pick of his warriors were killed; that it was discovered that the wily priest, Tashmu, had betrayed the tribe; and that he was punished by death.

The remnants of the Pequot now united under the leadership of Nessacus, and they hastily fled westward. And we are told that the new chief and his bride Wahconah, looked down together on the valley from a great crag jutting forth from the Taconic range. Here Nessacus told her that the decision had not been rendered by the Great Spirit, but by human hands. Then he explained that he had seen the two men working in the brook the night before the decision; and that, after they had left, he had again changed the rocks, so that they would send the canoe on his side.

And as they gazed down on the lands they were leaving forever, both knew that they were supremely happy.

Charles Kline, Jr.

Intangible

A wisp of fog, a ray of sun,
A soft warm rain, a day begun,
A whiff of hay, that's fresh and sweet,
A child's light laughter on the street.
A home to reach at the long day's end,
A kindly smile from a cherished friend,
All these are trivial, common—yes,
But such small things bring happiness.

Doris Young

The Clarion Makes A Scoop

LARRY EVANS, editor of the County *Clarion*, ceased his desultory pecking at a battered typewriter and turned to his freckled-faced assistant.

"Bud," he declared, in a tone of finality, "something's got to be done."

"Yessir," agreed Bud, who had never been to Hollywood, but who understood, nevertheless, the rudiments of a good assistant.

"Up to last month," Larry continued, "we were the only newspaper in Silvester County and we had just enough circulation and advertising to keep us going. Now we've got competition. I wouldn't mind if Jim Daniels had started his *Bugle* in the next town, or at least in another section of this one, but to start up right here in Summit, and on the same street with the *Clarion*,—well, something's got to be done, that's all."

"Yessir," repeated Bud, and then as a sort of an afterthought, "What's got to be done?"

He was rewarded by an indignant glare from Larry.

"For Heaven's sakes," snorted the editor, "if I knew what was to be done do you suppose I'd be sitting around here doing nothing? We've got to beat them to something, got to get something that they haven't got, so that people will turn to us and they'll have to leave town."

A light dawned on Bud's countenance.

"Oh, I see," he blurted, "we've got to make a scoop."

"That's just it. Only thing is, there's nothing around here to make a scoop on. Nothing ever happens but checker games and weddings, and maybe once in a while somebody dies. The last excitement was when they laid a cement sidewalk on Main Street. What can you do with a town like this, I ask you?"

Bud puckered his freckled face and thought deeply for the space of several minutes.

"Couldn't we make some news?" he asked hesitantly.

Larry stared.

"What are you raving about?" he asked. "You can't print things that never happened."

"I know it," replied Bud, eagerly. "What I mean is, can't we fix it so something will happen that nobody knows about but ourselves? Something the *Bugle* won't know anything about?"

The editor was silent for a while and then he nodded slowly.

"Kid," he said, "you've hit it. Listen—"

For the next half hour the two were engaged in earnest conversation. Bud, at first, seemed reluctant, but Larry waxed more eloquent, and soon the little assistant slipped out of the office and went over to the bank. Larry went back to the typewriter and hammered industriously away for some time and when Bud returned the two set to work and continued far into the night, setting type and getting out an extra, in preparation for the big scoop they were to manufacture.

Two nights later Larry and Bud were skulking stealthily around the corner of the 3rd National Bank of Summit, poking flashlights into the windows in the manner of professional burglars.

"Larry," said Bud in a stage whisper, "I still don't like this idea. Suppose we get caught?"

"Who's going to catch us?" scoffed Larry. "The sheriff's gone to the county seat with a couple of prisoners and the deputy is home with an earache. We'll get by the watchman easily. Besides, we're going to send the money back, aren't we?"

"If we get it, we are," moaned Bud. "I'd hate to be one of the next pair of prisoners that goes to the county seat, scoop or no scoop."

"Hey," interrupted Larry, "which door did you say they left open at night?"

"This one over here. The watchman told me Mr. Parker has been coming back sometimes to go over the books. He comes in early in the mornings, too. I guess he has to do all the bookkeeping since his partner died. Gee, one bank is a lot for one man to handle, even in this hick town. I sometimes wonder he doesn't grab a handful of cash and skip town."

"You've got burglaries on the brain," chuckled Larry. "Quick, duck, somebody's coming!"

The two would-be burglars scrambled back into the shadows of the building just in time to escape the attention of the burly night watchman, who examined the door and then stood still for a moment, listening.

"I was sure I heard somebody around here," he told himself. "I must be getting old. Ho-hum, it's four o'clock, guess I'll go home. Mr. Parker told me I could knock off early tonight."

The figure of the watchman was lost to sight around the corner and Larry and Bud breathed easier.

"Gosh, that was a narrow escape," sighed Larry. "Come on. We've got to hurry if we intend to get out of here before Parker comes."

The two started toward the door only to scurry back again as they caught sight of another figure coming from the same direction in which the watchman had left. He carried a flashlight and as its beams for the moment revealed his face, Larry and Bud recognized with a start, Henry Parker, president of the bank. He went directly to the door and opened it and was soon lost to sight in the dim regions within.

"Heck, we're sunk," groaned Bud. "All our work for nothing. Let's go home and get some sleep."

"Wait a minute," cautioned Larry. "Something's wrong somewhere. Why would Parker get up at four o'clock in the morning just to settle some books? He told the watchman to go home, too."

They stared at each other in the darkness, two minds with but a single thought.

"Come on," ordered the editor, "we're going to follow him and see what he's up to. Maybe we'll get a scoop after all."

Bud needed no urging and in a few minutes the two were inside the bank. They were just in time to see Mr. Parker turn the last knob of the vault and enter it. He emerged with an armful of crisp bank notes which he proceeded to stuff into a small black bag he had hidden in his desk. That was enough for Larry.

"Bud," he whispered, "Run down to Callahan's and get the deputy. I'll handle Parker."

In ten minutes Bud was back with Callahan and four other men. He found Larry seated firmly on the chest of the prostrate Mr. Parker.

"They were playing poker," gasped Bud. "I thought you might need some help so I brought 'em all along."

The crestfallen president was helped to his feet and brought to the little police station where he confessed everything. His work had been pressing heavily and his own money was nearly gone. He'd been planning this for weeks and had been coming in early mornings so that when he did finally attempt the robbery the watchman wouldn't be suspicious when told he could leave early. In the excitement of the discovery, no one noticed the absence of Larry and Bud until the voice of the *Clarion's* newsboy was heard outside.

"Extreee!" he shouted, "extree! Read all about the big bank robbery! Summit Third National Bank robbed! Extreee!"

One of the men hailed the boy and bought a paper.

"It doesn't give many particulars," he reported. "Just says that the bank was robbed and that there'll be more particulars in the morning edition of the *Clarion*. Those boys must have had to work fast to get out an extra so soon."

"I'll say so," agreed Callahan. "It's less than an hour since they discovered the robbery."

The *Clarion's* scoop had its desired effect. The town, learning of the part played by its editors in the discovery of the robbery would buy no other paper, nor would they advertise in any other. Two weeks later Bud and Larry learned that the *Bugle* was leaving town. In the midst of their celebration of the joyful news, Jim Daniels, editor of the rival paper, entered the little office for a farewell chat. There was no love lost between the rival editors, so the visit was entirely unexpected. Not until he was ready to leave did Jim disclose the reason for the call.

"Say," he remarked casually. "I've been wondering how you fellows got that extra out so soon the morning of the robbery. Why, it was almost as if you'd been expecting one."

Bud made a noise like a dying hen and buried his head in the file drawer, while Larry's ears grew very red.

"It's just an example of hard work and efficiency," he smiled. "You see, the *Clarion* has learned to hold itself in readiness for anything like that."

Jim left soon after that and the *Clarion's* two editors began the undignified but wholly enjoyable procedure of laughing themselves sick.

"Larry," Bud chuckled, as soon as he could speak, "You don't suppose he suspects we had that extra all ready for our own robbery, do you?"

"What if he did?" grinned the editor, "he couldn't prove it in a thousand years."

And they went off in another gale of laughter.

The "Fix-its" Liquidate

ROOM 39 of Burnleigh Hall showed evidence that an eager discussion was at its height. The copper curls of Patsy lighted one dark corner. As usual, she was speaking. However, for once she was serious.

"We seem to be failing this time," she was saying. "Since we promised Katharina's father that we would take her in hand, we've accomplished hardly a thing."

"Hardly is right," inserted Alice, giving her blue-black curls a toss. "That was two months ago, too. If only, Nan, you hadn't told him we'd do something about her!"

"But I couldn't help it," protested Nan. "After she deliberately speeded her roadster in front of that moving van and then declared the accident was not her fault, he seemed so discouraged about her that I had to do something. Besides, I just said we'd try. He doesn't expect success. Good heavens, she's a senior in college now and is still as bad as ever. This is the fourth college she's attended. Each tries to endure her temper for one year for her father's sake, but none will keep her longer. If she doesn't graduate this year, she never will."

"What's more, Patsy," gently corrected Sally, "I really don't think we've done so badly. That padlock we've used for her door has more than once kept her from leaving campus when she shouldn't. Thank heavens, she has never discovered who locks her in and she can't complain to the Dean; for she doesn't dare explain her reasons for wanting to leave at those times."

"She's rather careful how she speaks and acts when we're around, too," added Alice. "We've taken some conceit out of her. At least, she's discovered that she's not the only one who can make spiteful remarks. However, I'm afraid I'll get the habit, if I keep on."

"Don't worry," smiled Patsy. "You won't. However, I admit we've accomplished something; still we are not successes. In other words, we've got to teach her one good lesson and settle the matter for once and for all. We can't let things drag as they have. That's what is worrying me. I've started something, but now I don't know how to finish. You see, she gets to dances by asking the sons of her father's employees. They never dare refuse her. Well, she wants to go to the dance given by some club she's belonged to since she was a child. She planned to use those stand-bys, but I saw to it that they not only refused but that they refused harshly. I'll bet she's thought that over. The result is that she can get no one to take her. Now, shall I end it there or what?"

The other three grinned.

"It'll do her good, Patsy," declared Nan. "You've certainly fixed her!"

"Wait a minute," Alice gasped, "I've an idea."

"Then, hang on to it," urged Patsy. "We need every such animal as that."

"Bud's in town this week," declared Alice. "When is that dance?"

"Tonight. But what are you going to do with that poor brother of yours?" queried Patsy.

Alice ignored the question. "And she's not going, you say?" she demanded.

"No. She's throwing fits now. Betty, kind soul, went in to see whether she felt all right and was struck with a slipper. Nice disposition, Katie has, I must say."

Alice laughed. "Well, Katharina is going to be fixed now. Bud will take her to the dance. And will he fix her? Oh boy, how mean that brother of mine will be to her! We'll see to that!"

"Good!" exploded Patsy gleefully.

"Alice, you're a genius," gasped the other two.

"How will you arrange it, though?" asked Sally.

"Tell her he's been 'dying to meet her' and introduce them. She'll do the rest herself," suggested Nan quietly.

"As good as done," giggled Alice. "I'll phone Bud now."

Nine o'clock found the four in high spirits on their way to a card party in the next dormitory.

"Katie's off," chanted Patsy merrily. "Katie's off!"

"And how!" chimed in Alice. "You were right, Nan. She made no bones about asking Bud to take her to the dance."

"How's he going to treat her," queried Sally.

"Just as I told him. He started before they even left. Sneered at her and said she looked like something the cat had dragged in, and stepped as hard as he could on her toe, one time, and so on."

All laughed.

"How did she take that?" questioned Nan.

"Oh, she was peeved and awfully sarcastic. However, he gave her back insult for insult, so I see where they're going to have some time tonight. Well, anyway, playing cards will keep us from thinking about her. Hi, there!" Alice called and the four hastened to join a group entering the other dormitory.

At about one o'clock A. M., a sharp knock came at Alice's door. "You're wanted on the phone. Long distance," said the office clerk. "I'll switch it to the telephone on this floor."

As Alice was taking down the receiver, her three chums who had heard the clerk, appeared anxiously.

"Hi, kid Sister," Bud's voice rang clearly over the quiet wire. "I'm over the state line. Listen, you've got to do some tactful explaining for me. It's up to you because you're to blame for this. In other words, you and your gang of 'Fix-its' have completely 'fixed' me. I've treated Kay, as you told me, horribly, and except for a little spunk at the start, she's been angelic. Don't gasp. She can't hear; she's in the next room. We're at the home of the Justice of Peace. You see she's disproved your statements about her being irritable, irresponsible, irrational and so on. Instead, she's proved herself to be quite irresistible. Anyway, we've just been married."

M. Gill

Ever Faithful

A LAZY snowfall, Winter's last desperate attempt to remain supreme in the thawing world, obscured the distant trees so completely that the cold and weary little band of searchers lost heart, and thinking of the futility of their errand, considered turning homeward. However, they pressed on through the tangled, powdered underbrush, until they reached a small clearing where they paused to rest. Gaunt, naked trees surrounded them, wildly waving their black, knotted arms, as if attempting to throw off the coating of snow with which they were covered. Distant pines moaned forlornly, adding to the solitude. Now black and slowly freezing was the brook which in the summertime rambled laughing and sparkling, clear and cold among the rocks. The men's feet sank deep into the wet, soggy leaves with which the ground was covered.

Suddenly, as the little party was about to resume its journey, one man, standing near a clump of bushes overhanging the brook, gave a shout, for he had found that for which they and many others had been searching for two weeks.

On the opposite bank, half screened from view, were the remains of a campfire. Almost on top of this little pile of ashes, a man lay huddled, as if he had pitifully sought the inadequate warmth to the very last.

As the men hurriedly approached, something moved by his side, and the searchers looked down into the upraised, brown eyes of a shivering little dog, who feebly wagged his tail before his head drooped and he lay still.

Upon examination, the man, aged and grizzled, wearing a torn and soiled old hunting suit, was pronounced dead from starvation and exposure.

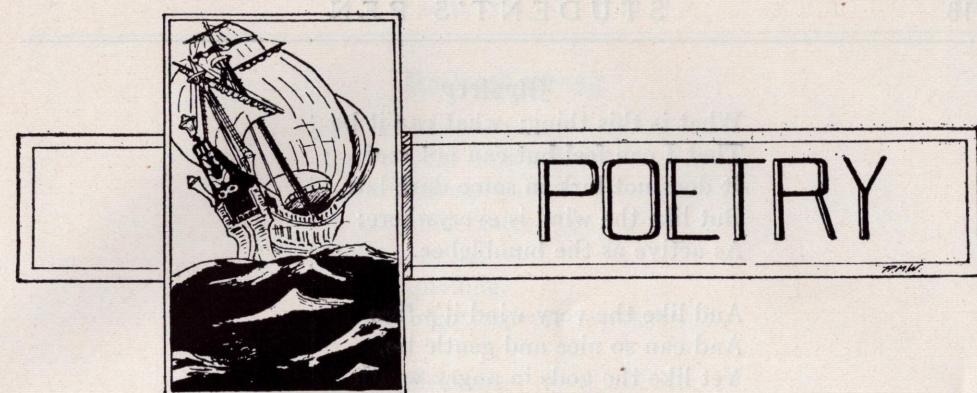
"Been dead about ten days," remarked the village doctor, who had joined the searching party, as he attempted to straighten out the stiff, snow covered body. He then turned his attention to the dog. His mass of matted brown and black hair, covered with mud and briars, made him a sorry sight to behold. His hatchet-like head and short, stubby tail gave every evidence of a varied ancestry. Little did this old, unconscious mongrel realize that he was being gazed upon with reverence and awe by the astonished men, who wondered at the dog's faithful determination to remain by his master's side even unto death, when he might easily have found his way to safety.

There was great relief in the little mountain village when it was announced that old Ben Ogden, the eccentric hermit who for years had acted as a guide to tourists, had been found. His dog was deemed a hero, and moves were being made to secure a medal for him, when he died, a week later. Doctors and newspapers claimed that his death was due to exposure and the long period of hunger, but the men who had found him and his master argue to this day that he died of sorrow and loneliness for his life's companion, and went to join him in death.

The little bundle of tangled hair was buried beside the master's grave in the village cemetery, and over him was placed a tiny tablet which read:

"A Dog
Faithful unto Death."

Miriam Fosher



POETRY

Spring

See the raindrops, crystal, clean!
See the grass of vivid green!
See the lovely flower's sheen!
"It's Spring"

See the dainty flowerets gay
Drink the dew at break of day!
Listen to the flowerets say,
"It's Spring"

See the twinkling stars so bright
Stud the velvet robes of night,
Hear them whisper low, "Goodnight,
It's Spring"

Margaret Cullen

Candle Light

A little house stands in a lane
Half-hidden by a hill
That the sun paints gold at evening,
A house where flowers spill

Their fragrance on the twilight air,
And, oh, the way is sweet
Along a homebound trail that once
Was made by eager feet!

And when the first white star appears
Its twinkling is in vain!
It cannot match the candle-glow
Against a window pane!

Barbara Rici

Mystery

What is this thing; what can it be
That I can feel but can not see?
It does not lurk in some dark lair
But like the wind is everywhere;
As active as the bumblebee.

And like the very wind it's free
And can so nice and gentle be,
Yet like the gods in angry wrath
Destroys whatever's in its path;
While rushing forth in elfish glee.

For, now, today as one can see
It easily runs machinery,
For man worked hard and caught it fast
And thus made use of it at last;
It's naught but electricity.

Arthur Levy

Fortitude

When rays of sun are sought in vain,
And dangers of the dark are near,
May stout and strong our hearts remain;

And, if the darts of evil pain,
Then stand and gladly laugh at fear,
When rays of sun aresought in vain.

If Fate, the jester, play again
His music loud, another sneer,
May stout and strong our hearts remain

"Till he may change the old refrain
To one of hope from one of jeer,
When rays of sun are sought in vain.

Though ev'ry shadow seem our bane,
And ev'ry sacrifice too dear,
May stout and strong our hearts remain,

For final curtain may be fain
To overwhelm us, but we hear,
"When rays of sun are sought in vain,
May stout and strong our hearts remain."

Erik Stahl

Railroad Song

Drive wheels pounding
On a rolled steel rail;
Wind whistling by,
A sixty mile gale;
Whistle wailing,
Children quailing,
As the night express goes by.

Fire box flickering
Over hill and dale;
Headlight shining
Through each misty vale;
Flames lancing,
Shadows dancing,
As the night express goes by.

Black rods clanking
On a drop forged wheel;
Boiler hissing,
As steam strikes steel;
Wheels humming,
Pistons drumming,
As the night express goes by.

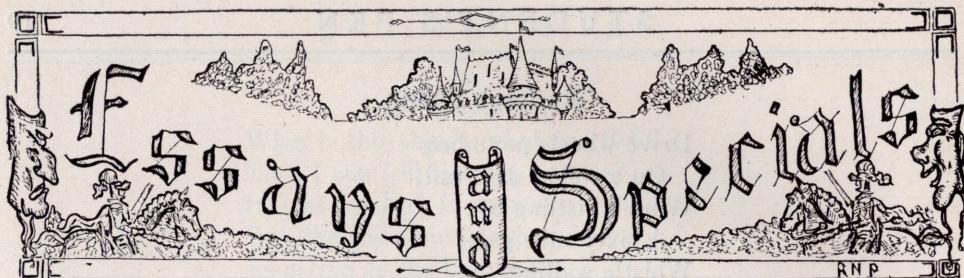
Charles Kline, Jr.

The Vanguard

Tramp—tramp on at a steady beat
Tramp—tramp the pound of thousands of feet
Advancing under the dark of the moon
Onward, onward to their doom
Marching forward their fate to meet,
Head long rush those tramping feet.

Tramp—tramp on for many a yard
Tramp—tramp, always on one's guard
Fearing lest an enemy shell
Should make of the silence a living hell;
Always onward their steps they wend
Praying to God that it's not the end.

Arthur Levy



“Syncopato”

With Apologies to “Tympano”

I HAVE always been fascinated by the leader of a modern jazz orchestra. I can watch the antics of a monkey and not experience the fascination felt by most people, but on my honor, the slender man who stands in front of his musicians, and forces, it would seem, the varid tempoes from his men, is an object of wonder in my eyes.

The important observation has been made that the majority of jazz leaders are slender; they have to be in order to be as acrobatic as they are. Even Paul Whiteman found it advisable to reduce by means of a strenuous eighteen day diet. (You know, “Give Me Something to Remember You By,” grapefruit!) But of all jazz conductors, “Syncopato” is the most slender and the most self-possessed.

Straight and firm he stands until with a sudden start he brings down his baton. A blare from the horns, a shrill cry from the strings and the *music* begins. A lurch, and the shoulders of the leader begin to sway! A challenge from the horns, his arms flap in unison and before my very eyes I see an excellent imitation of a mad rooster.

A change of rhythm and the orchestra moans; “Syncopato” stoops; he becomes a savage, moving in perfect accord with the “Chant of the Jungle.”

Then the throbbing, pulsing melody of “Old Man River” and the leader gives way to the giant negro saxophone player who sings the chorus. But in the background, the constantly swinging baton is marking the beat of the song.

Another melody and the gesticulating “Syncopato” is again in front, this time singing an old love song, “Let Me Call You Sweetheart.” He stands on his toes, his whole body swaying, accenting the rhythm of the music, the magic wand, as it were, calling forth the sweet notes, first from the muted violins, then a soft echo from the horns.

The last number is a so-called “ha-cha” song. With a swing of his arms and a clap from the drum “Syncopato” is off. Now he is doing a combination of a shuffle and the Highland Fling. What is this? A bit of tap dancing, to be sure. He whirls on his heels and is facing the dance floor, gracefully acknowledging the applause; another twist and he is leading the orchestra in a final crash of “syncopated rhythm.”

While “Syncopato” is thus in all his glory, no person, at least to me, is so amusing, so thoroughly an American product as this jazzy orchestra leader.

Iva Chase

Fiddling the Fiddle

WITH mingled emotions, I stood before the home of the maestro. I had got up very early that morning in order to complete a very exacting toilet so that I should appear presentable in the eyes of my teacher. My parents were quite excited. Their son was about to take his first step toward becoming a Pagliacci. After being duly warned not to drop the three-quarter sized violin tucked under my arm and to pay careful attention to what my teacher said, I was sent off. Isn’t it queer how one’s parents are always certain that their child is to become a great artist? But after a year or so—unhappy disillusion!

I knocked upon the door of a small house and was escorted into the study of my teacher, who was practising, as he told me, a very difficult study in Kreutzer. Surprise of surprises! I had expected to see a long-haired virtuoso; instead, what did I find? A good-looking seventeen-year-old boy. However, all my uncertainty as to his ability was dispelled when he asked to see my fingers; (one of my friends had informed me that a good teacher always looks at his pupil’s fingers). I was instructed in the art of holding a violin and bow, in addition to being told that I had an excellent chance of becoming a great artist. The date of my next lesson was set and then I was free to go home.

Did I go home? Boy, I made it in record time!

“Can you imagine?” I told my mother enthusiastically upon entering, “He said that I’m going to be a great artist.”

Immediately, I was commanded to give a recital. Horror of horrors. I could not make anything more than a long series of squeals. If I had only known that the first step in the teaching of the violin is a little flattery for inspiration!

One year rolled by. I changed teachers, but the artist in me was yet to be brought out. My parents were continually exhorting me to practise, but I was too busy with baseball in the spring and summer, football in the fall, and skating in the winter.

Alas, the time came when I had to stop taking lessons. If it were only in my power to impress upon fond parents that the time to start a boy’s or girl’s musical education is when they are old enough to understand real music. After all, there have been but few child prodigies in this world. Besides, if a child does not like music and is forced to practise things away over his head when he wants to be out with the gang, it is inevitable that he should come to dislike music.

During the following year, I took lessons at intervals. It was, however, when I first played in an orchestra that music struck a truly responsive chord in me. Slowly the meaning of music grew on me. I learned to love it. In recent years, I have experienced the same thrills in music that I did on the baseball field and the gridiron. One can actually feel a spirit of teamwork when he is playing in an orchestra. It is but a waste of words to try to describe the thrills I experienced when making my first and only broadcast even though there were one hundred ninety-seven other young musicians in the orchestra. Playing in ensembles, in quartets, in occasional concerts gives the person with a musical background an advantage over others, that is, an instinct toward the more cultural is instilled in the mind of one who will give some time to the study of good music.

Music is delightful. A person's education is never quite complete unless he has learned to have some *fun* with an instrument. Too many parents make the mistake of expecting their children to become child prodigies. When they hear a Menhuin or Ricci, they immediately turn to the child and ask, "When will you be able to play like that?" A logical answer is, "Never." It should be impressed upon parents that the purpose of studying music is for pleasure and culture. If a boy or girl does not wish to bother himself with an instrument, let him stop taking lessons. It will be better in the end. In the future, let their thoughts be music for music's sake instead of music for the sake of honor.

Anonymous

Le Baiser

DES, the internationalization of all American customs is fast coming about. We are pushing into all the countries of the world and ousting all the native customs with the rough and harsh ideas of Americans.

When Adam first met Eve I don't know what they did, but whatever form of greeting they exchanged, it must have been a queer one, as the forms of greeting and love have been so different in all the countries of the world. When one is traveling in China, he sees over and over again the people shaking their own hands. When one is met in a Singapore station by his mother, she comes up to him and they both shake their own hands as a mark of recognition and as a symbol of love.

Coming to the Near East we find another custom of friendship and love. This is the reverent bow. An Indian or a Turk on meeting his best friends bows with the most profound respect, and through this bow a feeling of love is telegraphed.

However, all the customs of the East and even the "how" and lifted hand of the American Indian are all being replaced by the American pressing of lips together. The only reason that I can see for this is that there must be more expression in the kiss.

The kiss, if we stop to contemplate it, is one of the queerest things. The mother kisses her baby; the baby kisses her doll; the young child kisses his pet animals; the young man kisses his girl friend; the groom kisses the bride; and the mourners kiss the corpse.

Each kiss had a different meaning and one has to be quite an expert at kissing to express just what he wishes, when indulging in the act. The other day I called at the house where my sister is working. After visiting a while, she showed me the baby of the lady for whom she works and asked me to hold it. I took it reluctantly for fear of dropping it. However, this fear was forgotten as the cute little thing put her arms tightly around my neck and drew my lips to hers. Although this was a very ingenuous action for a little tot and revealed a great deal of affection, the child will have a great deal to learn, for those two cherry colored lips that so gently pressed against mine were covered with a mixture of slimy saliva and chocolate which she transferred to the complete surface of my face.

I remember my first girl friend and the first kiss I tried to steal when I was eight years old. She was a very gentle little girl, and I was the brave young man

who had seen lovers kiss in the movies. As I had already told her that I was in love with her, I thought perhaps actions would be better than words. When we walked home from church she banished all hope of my wanting ever again to steal a kiss from a girl, even though my heart panted for her; for she pulled my hair, punched my stomach, kicked my shins, and then indignantly walked away with her head in the air telling me that John Gilbert was the only one that would ever kiss her.

As we grow, we learn. We kiss our mothers and other relatives with a kiss that has a meaning. However, at about our age this category of people and this kind of kiss become too limited. How queer it is, but the time comes when we have to experiment. We want a different kind of kiss, so we leave the front door kiss of our mother and subscribe to the long park bench kiss which has so much meaning at the moment, but which, on the following day, has no significance. This, however, seems to be the turning point, and even though the kiss your beau steals from you when you are unaware seems now a little foolish, gradually it works back into the sound kiss that your mother has taught you and it isn't far from the Little Brown Church around the Corner.

Kisses are the physical backbone of American love. Even though they have their significance to some people, I am still looking for a kiss, besides those of my parents, that is going to have a meaning and thrill me.

John Adams

The Magic of Poetry

WHEN spring comes and the sun begins to be warm on your neck, and the air has that funny tingle to it, have you ever noticed the queer feeling that passes through you? You don't want to say, then, just ordinary words. They are too dull and commonplace. You want to shout and sing and make queer noises which aren't exactly words but which somehow mean more to you than words. It's the same in the autumn at twilight, only then you don't feel happy, but queer and sad. You want to sing sad little songs and be as miserable as can be.

What you want then is poetry—either poetry or music. Prose is all right to say what you think, but when you want to say what you feel, you need something with rhythm to it, something that says more than the words by themselves can possibly say; for words are half-dead things and can only explain a part of our mysterious feelings and dreams.

When an author writes poetry, it's not just what he says that makes you like it so much, but what he suggests without really saying it. It's the thing you yourself know about and can imagine in the poem that makes it what it is. What poetry and music do to words is to add to them, by suggesting things they can't say, just those mysterious feelings and dreams which are inside of every person who hears them.

Michael Calderella

Just Words

TORTURE is an art which we usually connect with ancient or medieval times (an art, apparently long since forgotten—but is it?). How famous are those diabolical contrivances such as the “Iron Mask” and the “Iron Lady”; how fiendish were the Chinese methods of punishment; yet how childish were they in comparison with the most modern, most ingenious method of torture—torture by words.

Some people derive uncanny pleasure merely from saying things one can't understand unless his mentality is equal to that of an Oxford college honor student. (I am sure you all know at least one such person). Then there are the speakers who make interesting topics nothing but a jumble of words by extensively utilizing a vocabulary as great as Webster's.

Many are not satisfied to confine the intricacy of expression merely to words. Indeed not! Why should they? At least the early Greek and Roman writers didn't think they should. One Greek literary genius was not exceptionally talented at comedy composing so he occasionally (something had to be funny in his comedies) bestowed upon his characters such names—don't try to pronounce them—as “Anthreostasenalagos Papathemetrefoostooogianelos” for the hero and “Marefrosene Bernelampstaxenea” for the heroine. These literary titles—real masterpieces—might be well translated as Andrew Papas and Mary Berne. And then there was the Roman writer who made fame and fortune—curses too—come his way by only composing a figure, famous in Latin books—namely, Bombomachides Clutomestoridisarchides.

I have often wondered whether I have not discovered why it is so difficult to master foreign languages. Why? Simply because foreigners don't want us too. Yes! It's true! Who knows better than I, who have studied Greek, German, French, and Latin? If I am wrong, explain this: Why do Germans make such common use of words like “Lebensversichserungsgesellschaftsgebäude”? Why have they such words as these: “hindurchdringen” for press; “hineinhören” meaning listen; “hinuberschreiten” corresponding to glance; “zuruckschieben” equivalent to our word for shove. Why do the Greeks have such terms as these: “parapanesteko” meaning more; “epersentelegos” for perfect? Maybe you believe me now! But why give credence to me? Use your own judgment.

No, I haven't forgotten the Americans. They are even more technical than the former. I don't know in what forgotten corner Ripley found these words: “antiterminalogicalintactiterdinarian” and “angina pectorical”—whatever they mean. Those, supplemented by a few more interesting excerpts from Webster's are the chief reason why even Americans can't master the American language. Can you imagine the average person having at least a slight conception of words like hiatus, wassail, and lugubrious?

But that's not all. The Americans were not satisfied with the complications these present—not as long as there was possibility of further speculation in this field; so they went one step farther, put the words in the magician's hat, tapped the wand over the mixture, spoke the magic words, and, lo, drew out such an expression as “refrain from calculating upon the quantity of juvenile poultry

prior to the completion of the entire process of incubation,” which in plain English means nothing but the old epigram, “Don't count your chickens before they're hatched.” To keep the above company, another tongue contortioning expression was drawn out of the hat: namely, “an anatomical juxtaposition of two orbicular muscles in the state of contraction”—that is, an osculation, or what is better known as a kiss.

However, do not despair, for many have been quick to notice the inconveniences offered by different names and expressions and are already agitating for reform. A couple of years ago the film world was given a glimpse into the future by “Just Imagine.” The comedy depicted that fifty years from now people will not have names, but will be designated by numbers. (The author must have been thinking of some Greek and Latin names when he wrote the story.) Similarly, an international language has long been contemplated. Let's hope when this is drawn up all unenunciable (if there is such a word) words and phrases are left in the lurch.

So cheer up! Prosperity's just around the corner! Happy days are coming again! Everything will soon be rosy! With two good ideas under discussion, with such an extraordinary generation as ours rising to take hold of the wheels of progress, everything is bound to take a turn for the better; and most wonderful of all, we shall be free—free from the shackles of Webster.

William K. Zarris

Music As A Vocation for High School Graduates

THE NEW ENGLAND CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC

EDUCATION as we all know is either a cultural or a vocational asset . . . and it may be both. The study of English, for example, certainly adds to one's cultural education; but the professional writer, the journalist, and the novelist turn it to financial profit when they make writing their vocation.

Many of the readers of this magazine have taken part in the musical activities of their school. And some of them undoubtedly will build on this foundation and elect Music as their vocation. Outside of poetry and poetry writing almost any cultural study may be a means of earning one's living . . . all things being equal. Musicians, perhaps more than any other class of artists, have used their art as a means of earning a livelihood, for Music is the most appreciated and best known form of artistic expression known to the human race, and is, therefore, always in demand.

The excellence of the work accomplished by many school orchestras is sufficient evidence that in these schools are young men and women with real talent who would do well to consider the opportunities in the world of music for educated and trained musicians. Today Music is accepted by our educational authorities as an important subject in the school curriculum. It is acknowledged as one of the arts that contribute valuably to this business of living, self-expression, and personal happiness. Eighteen hours a day the air is filled with Music from hundreds of radio stations . . . and this music is produced by individuals who have studied music. Many of these artists were never heard of until the radio gave them their opportunity . . . and it is still an uncrowded field for ambitious musicians with the requisite knowledge and experience.

But there are, in addition, other opportunities to earn one's living by Music . . . or to augment one's income by the practice of this art; there are numerous orchestral and vocal organizations that tour the country giving musical entertainments in clubs, colleges, schools, churches . . . most of these groups are under the management of professional agents whose business it is to make bookings and conduct the business arrangements with prospects for musical entertainment. Many graduates and students of such well-known music institutions as the New England Conservatory of Music in Boston are devoting whole or part time to this kind of professional work.

Another important field of activity for the trained and educated student of music is in the public schools and colleges. Few schools in America are without a director of music, and most schools have their music teachers. To qualify for these positions students of music must take special normal courses and for this reason it is highly important that the prospective student select a college of music that is well-staffed with experienced teachers and musicians thoroughly familiar with the requirements necessary for teachers and directors of music in public schools.

With the growing appreciation of music more parents are desirous that their children shall be taught to play and to sing. Here is an opportunity for the private teacher of music. A thoroughly well-trained teacher of music should have little difficulty in working up a good business in teaching music in the town or neighborhood in which he or she lives. With the return of prosperity for which we are all hoping, and which undoubtedly will come very soon, the demand for qualified music teachers to give lessons in homes, will increase.

Can you imagine the inspiration and joy of studying music at a nationally known institution like the New England Conservatory with its splendid equipment and famous faculty? Here you will find three orchestras made up entirely of students, one of them an 85-piece orchestra that has many public engagements including broadcasting over local and national radio stations; a choral group, a dramatic organization; and other wonderful opportunities for group performance. The New England Conservatory has 15 large pipe organs for students of the organ; and hundreds of pianos for students of the pianoforte.

Many of the teachers at the Conservatory have won national and international recognition for their work; some of them are composers. It is with such a notable faculty that students at the New England Conservatory study the greatest of all the arts . . . Music.

For those students who desire to continue their academic studies at the same time they are taking a course in Music, the New England Conservatory provides competent instructors in English, Languages, Art Appreciation, and other subjects related to the study of Music.

The cost of courses at the New England Conservatory is very reasonable inasmuch as the Conservatory is not a profit-making institution, and under the terms of its charter any profits made must be devoted exclusively to the interests of the Conservatory and to aiding worth-while and talented students.

For those young people who will be engaged in some other line of activity during the day, the Conservatory provides evening instruction at moderate fees.

A. J. Peel

After High School—What?

Connecticut College

Connecticut College
March 12, 1933

Dear Miss Parker,

Contrary to your prediction, I should be glad to tell you what I can about Connecticut College. Although I am not yet fully acquainted with all the customs and regulations of the school, I do feel that I know the most important of these.

My first impression was a very good one, because I found the buildings to be much better than I had anticipated, for the college is still quite young. It is situated on a hill overlooking Long Island Sound, which affords a gorgeous view on clear days, and in spite of the frequent rain and wind storms and dense fog, the location appeals to me. We have a new administration building and library, a science building, gymnasium, and four large dormitories, with prospects of a new one before fall. All of these are attractive, gray stone buildings with ivy growing up the walls. We still have to use some wooden houses which will gradually be replaced by new stone ones.

The college offers quite a choice of courses, all of which are ably supervised by well-trained faculty. To me at least, the work does not seem to be so much harder than that in high school, but it takes longer and more independent thought to accomplish it. In connection with some of the courses, we have movies, concerts, and numerous well-known speakers such as William Lyon Phelps, Zona Gale and Dr. S. Parkes Cadman.

The Physical Education department is very efficient and at the same time offers interesting courses. All the familiar sports such as basketball, golf and riding are included, and eight new tennis courts and two hockey fields have been provided for the two leading sports.

In addition to these, plays, debates and dances are quite frequently held, for the college is quite active socially. The dances are especially big occasions for me, because of my fondness for dancing. The college also has unique traditions which enable the girls to become better acquainted. I have found the girls exceedingly nice and friendly and at the same time, intellectual and worth while to know.

The government is run by the students themselves, who enforce the honor system. In this way, we are granted many privileges, yet take great pride in living up to our own high standards. This sense of independence and good fellowship makes the college spirit more keenly felt than it would under faculty jurisdiction.

I hope to have conveyed a brief summary of at least the high spots of the information you wanted, and also that I may see more Pittsfield girls here in the next few years.

Yours sincerely,
Jeannette Brewer

At Wellesley

Noanett House
Wellesley, Mass.
March 18, 1933

My dear Miss Parker:

It would be very difficult even to begin to describe properly what going to Wellesley means. Though I have been here only five months, in that short time I have had so many new experiences that I feel as if I had been at college for years.

Studying and going to classes is sure to pall on one occasionally, but these necessary evils are made as pleasant as possible. Freshmen have only about three classes a day, excluding gym, and each class meets no more than three times a week. Most subjects are elective, and there are so many fine courses offered that it is difficult to choose.

One of the great advantages of going to a big college is that you are able to hear and see many famous artists and lecturers for very reasonable prices. Some of the great men and women who have been at Wellesley this year are William Butler Yeats, Victoria Sackville West, Robert Frost, Paderewski, John Masefield, and Mary Wigman.

Of course there are many clubs and extra-curricular activites, which are popular—the Barnswallows, a dramatic association, the choir, the *News*, and various modern language clubs being only a few.

For recreation of a non-academic nature there are countless suggestions. Tea at the various attractive inns and restaurants is a favorite diversion of college girls during the week. Saturday noon will find most of the college boarding the train for nearby Boston, to shop or go to the theatre. The more athletic among us remain at home and, according to the weather, ski or toboggan, play golf or tennis, or take long hikes around the lake, which is an important part of the large and very beautiful campus.

There is a fine physical education department at Wellesley, which gives excellent instruction in all girls' sports, crew being one of the most popular.

But after all, the most valuable part of college is, it seems to me, the friendships which one makes there with people from all over the country, and even from abroad. Contact with the new personalities and their ideas stimulates your outlook, and makes life more worth living.

I wish I had the time and ability to tell what a grand place Wellesley really is, and how I enjoy being able to be here.

Very sincerely yours,

Nancy Walker

Bridgewater State Teachers' College

ACADEMIC YEAR

Freshman Year—During the Freshman Year, the student's main aim is to adjust herself to her new environment. She must be able to look at all problems from the standpoint of the teacher besides that of the pupil.

The subjects taken during the first year consist of general surveys and methods of teaching. The student receives some opportunity to teach before her own classes.

The subjects, as listed in the catalogue, give a good general summary of what they consist. In the Observation class, each Freshman visits the Model Training School for a certain number of hours each week for a period of six weeks. The student observes the class room life and the methods of teaching.

Sophomore Year—The second year also consists of general surveys of subjects but the student receives more training in the methods of teaching than she had during her Freshman year. During this year, each Sophomore goes to the Model Training School and actually teaches, for a period of six weeks, under the supervision of a teacher. During this six weeks, her studies at College are discontinued.

Junior Year—The third year is the time for the student to decide in what grades she wishes to teach and in what subjects she wishes to major. She has an opportunity to elect many of her subjects.

The main event in the Junior year is the term of outside training. Each Junior goes to a school in a town or city near Bridgewater and teaches for a whole term (12 weeks) under the direction of a supervisor. If the student's home is within convenient travelling distance for the supervisor, the student may live at her own home while teaching for the term. However, girls who live at some distance from the school continue to live at the dormitory and commute to a school in some adjoining town or city.

Senior Year—In the Senior year, the student continues to study her special elective courses. There is no outside teaching done during the last year.

Terms—Each year is divided into three terms, each from twelve to thirteen weeks long. Marks are given out after each term's work is complete.

ACADEMIC LIFE

Degrees—A student finishing the four year course receives the Bachelor of Science degree. She is able to teach in Junior or Senior high schools.

A student finishing the three year course is able to teach in the Elementary grades. She receives no degree but she may return for a fourth year to get her degree.

SOCIAL LIFE

The social life of students at State Teachers' College at Bridgewater is a life so planned that it brings happiness to all. The desires of all are satisfied at one affair or another due to our well filled and varied social year.

Our Social Year In Review

September—Acquaintance Dance.

October—Social Activities Dance, Senior Dance, Open House, Hallowe'en Dance.

November—Dramatic Club Play, Tea Dance, Sophomore Dance, Thanksgiving Recess.

December—Amateur Night Men's Club, S. C. A. Formal Dance, Christmas Dance, Recess.

January—Junior Prom, Day Student Dance.

February—Men's Club Play, N. A. A. Formal Dance, Recess.

March—Mardi Gras, Library Club Party.

April—Orchestra Concert, S. C. A. Formal Dance, Freshman Party, Recess, Girls' Glee Club Concert.

May—T. C. Party, Dramatic Club Play, Alpha Dance, Men's Glee Club Concert.

June—Campus Carnival, Senior Prom, Faculty Reception, Baccalaureate, Commencement.

Thus, from September to June our Social Calendar is full. All the dances are held in the Albert Gardner Boyden Gymnasium. The dates are so arranged that the dances will always be on Friday evening with the exception of the formals which are held either on Friday or Saturday. Every class gives a social. Committees are chosen from the classes and they work diligently in order that their class social may be one of the best.

However, we do not spend all of our leisure time in dancing. The school has several clubs which afford diversion. Some of these are the *Camera Club* with its three aims:

(1) To teach members to take, develop, and print good pictures.

(2) To be of help to the school in as many ways as possible.

(3) To teach the members to organize a Camera Club in their own school.

The Campus Comment—All interested in newspaper work join the Campus Comment Club.

Dramatic Club—This club is made up of fifteen members of excellent dramatic ability. All members must have a B average and reside either in Bridgewater or in one of the dormitories. Three plays are presented during the year, a modern play, a Christmas play, and a Shakesperian play.

French Club—In "s'instruire en s'amusant" you have the creed of the French Club. It is made up of thirty members who strive to maintain high cultural standards. This club also presents the outstanding event which takes place every two years, namely, the Mardi Gras.

Garden Club—This club fosters an increased interest in gardening through actual experience. Candidates for admission must take tests which are given early in the year.

Girl Scout Club—This club aims to train leaders. It is registered at National Headquarters and its meetings consist of getting acquainted with badge and class work, handicrafts, projects such as working for the Hostess and First Aid badges

During the year several hikes take place in addition to several other means of entertainment.

Glee Club—The Glee Club is made up of seventy members. It is made up of music lovers whose professional attitude makes one or two performances a year possible.

Hobby Club—Have you a hobby? If you have this is the club for you.

Kindergarten Primary Club—This club is made up of all students taking the K. P. course.

Library Club—This club encourages the development of interest in all forms of literature and provides opportunities for its members to exchange their opinions and literary views.

Alpha Club—This is the club which edits the Annual published by the students of the school.

Orchestra—If you play any musical instrument or if you desire to, you will find interest in the orchestra.

Science Club—This club is connected with the Biology department and aims to further an interest in Science.

Topics of the Day Club—This club aims to bring about a mutual improvement of its members through a study of the vital topics of the day.

W. A. A.—This is the Women's Athletic Association. Through W. A. A. play time becomes game time and through games and activity come health, sportsmanship and skill.

During the year we also have several Dormitory parties. Amateur night is one of the most important. This is the party at which students perform and for which people of outstanding talent are chosen.

Becoming acquainted with the faculty is made unusually easy. Every Sunday afternoon students and teachers are served demi-tasse in the Normal Hall Reception Room. This affords unusual student-teacher contacts.

The desire of every Freshman division is realized in the fall of the year when each division gives a tea. Occasions for this are Book Week and the Reception for Day Students' mothers.

As you may judge, the social year at this school is one which is only one means of carrying out the school motto, "Not to be ministered unto, but to minister".

SPORTS

Sport life at State Teachers' College is one of its vital activities. By means of sports, the college students meet, and as a result many of the most lasting friendships are formed. Athletics are under the supervision of the Women's Athletic Association (W. A. A.) It is the aim of the Association to have a sport for each girl, thus making it a school association, not one for a favored few. Every girl at the College joins the Association her Freshman year and continues as a member throughout her College life. By means of points, a certain number given for each hour of activity, the girls acquire felt emblems and higher awards which are significant of the College or Association. These awards are given twice yearly.

There are three terms of sports: Fall, Winter and Spring. Under each heading are listed the sports played and the special events.

Fall Term—Sept. to Nov.

Hockey—This consists of class teams which play for a championship.

Soccer—There are usually two teams made up of members of all classes.

Volley Ball

Golf

Tennis—The College has six modern tennis courts which are available to all classes.

Horseback Riding—This is not a school sport because of the expense, but those who are able financially find it a most exciting pastime.

Events

Freshman Olympics—By means of various achievement tests the Freshman show their adaptability, each member of the winning division being given an Olympic signia.

Fall Spread—After a series of competitive games, the members of the College meet in the gym where a spread is given, followed by various amusements.

Winter Term—Dec. to Mar.

Basketball—This is the universal sport of the college. Each class has four or five teams from which, by means of interclass competition, the championship team is chosen. The games are well attended by both men and women students and are very exciting.

Interpretive Dancing—This is taught in two or three groups and is well liked, both by those who have had some dancing and wish to keep in trim, and those who have had no dancing, but would like to learn about it.

Winter Meet—In this meet, sponsored by the Juniors, the four classes take part, each giving some special feature such as tap dances, pyramids, folk dances, achievement tests, and the like. The classes are divided so that two teams, the Reds and Whites, are formed from the entire student body. Two cheering sections are also formed. Judges decide, through viewing and marking the events, which team has won the meet.

From the student body a Red team and a White team are chosen to play a basketball game. These two teams are made up of girls chosen from each class according to sportsmanship, scholarship and skill. The game is attended by the entire student body and is the last basketball game of the season. It proves a most fitting finish for this grand sport.

Winter Banquet—This is held the night of the Winter Meet in the College dining hall. The students are seated by classes, cheers and songs are given, and an outside speaker addresses the body. At the end of the banquet awards are presented and the winning team of the Meet is awarded the Winter Meet Banner.

Mid-Season Term—Mar. to April

Indoor Volley Ball—This is a most popular sport because of the hilarious fun enjoyed while playing.

Indoor Baseball—In this, there are one or two teams from each class, so making inter-class competition possible.

Badminton—Tennis players favor this.

Shuffle Board

Ping Pong

Swimming—Swimming was formerly a part of the Winter sports program, but because of "athlete's foot" has not been available for the past three years. It is hoped, however, that it will be resumed in the near future.

Spring Term—April to June

Track and Field—Personal scoring is the present system of competition.

Baseball—Inter-class competition again makes this a most popular sport.

Tennis—A tournament is held in which any one may compete.

Volley Ball—An inter-dorm tournament lends interest to this sport.

Events

Spring Banquet—The schedule follows that of the Winter Meet. However, in addition, the "Four S" awards are made. These are given to girls who have between 750 and 1,000 points and who have successfully passed a faculty rating based upon scholarship, sportsmanship, service and stability. These awards are few, but their scarcity increases their value.

Yearly Sports

Hiking—Hiking is an active part of each girl's life at the College. Points for this are also given.

Bicycle Riding—This is available to any student and is found very popular each fall and spring.

Rita Cushing
Elizabeth Norton
Ruth Cronin

He: "I always laugh when I see anything funny."

She: "You must have a great time when you shave."

* * * *

Archie: "I'm just crazy when I'm away from you."

Lucille: "I know it, out of sight, out of mind."

* * * *

Visitor: "How came you to be here?"

Lunatic: "By dispute."

Visitor: "What dispute?"

Lunatic: "The world said I was mad: I said the world was mad, and they outwitted me."

* * * *

At the Junior Prom:

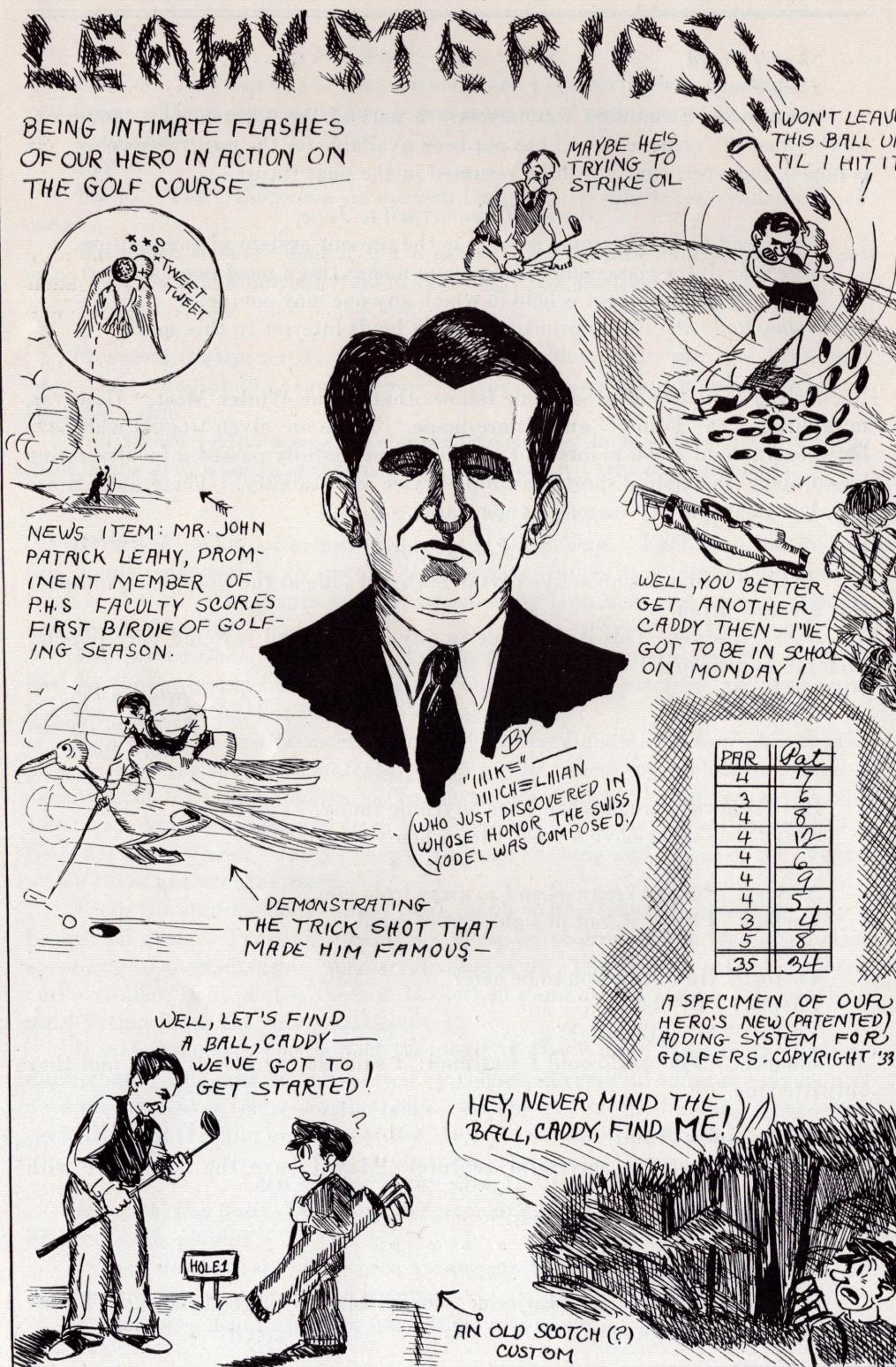
Scotty: (after one successful venture) "May I have the last dance with you?"

Mildred: "You've just had it."

* * * *

On the school bulletin:

Lost—a lead pencil by Marjorie; blonde, blue eyes, good dancer. Finder call Central 9959 between 7 and 9 P. M.



The Senior Play

The forthcoming Senior Play upholds the traditional standards of the more important social functions of our school, inasmuch as every effort is being expended to make "Company's Coming" a very enjoyable and memorable presentation.

The present Senior A Class, replete with talent in every field, has selected the following students as members of the cast: Sylvia Hendricks as Mrs. Jenney, whose tennis-playing husband, John Hindle, brings about the climax of the play through his unrelenting search for cold cash; Jean Wachtel and Joseph McMahon as Miss Joana Mallory and "Bobby" Gordon respectively, furnish the ingenue interest; Alma Griffen as Susie, the maid, and Esther Samel as the landlady, enliven the more humorous scenes, as does Vincent Montsinger in his part as Mr. Thompson; others in the group of actors are: Rita Farley, Carolyn Cozzio, Leslie Chapman, Russell Burghardt, Raymond Herbert, Erik Stahl, John Keller, Carl Hourihan, Norman Hildreth, Michael Calderella and Warner Buckley.

The play was given on Broadway in 1931 and received many favorable comments from dramatic critics such as Percy Hammond and Gilbert Gabriel. It is therefore expected that "Company's Coming" will be very kindly received by a capacity audience on the evening of June 2.

Then there's the Soph who thought that the French Revolution was a merry-go-round—however he's not as bad as the Senior in 201 who still thinks Knights of the Bath are Saturdays.

* * * *

Hildreth: "I have a picture of you in my mind."

Ruth: "How small you make me feel."

History

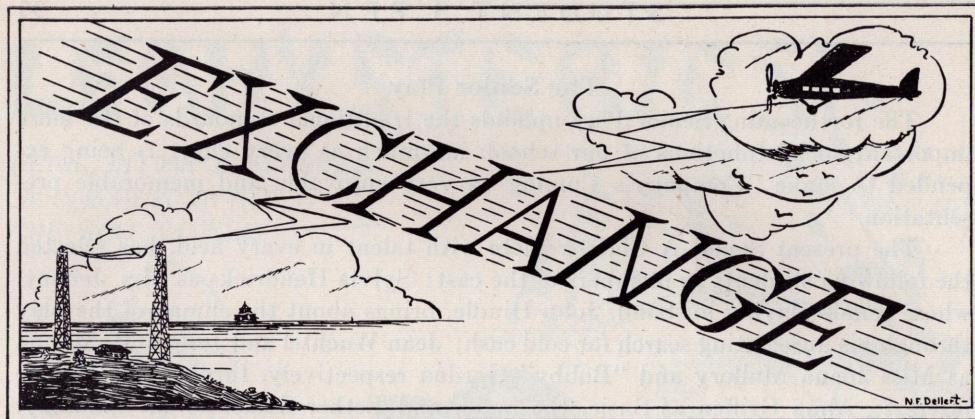
Never letting work go by,
Keeping busy as a bee.
Crossing oceans miles too wide;
Seeing ships go down to sea.

Fighting battles o'er and o'er,
As they did once long ago.
Back across the years we soar,
Watching men beat back their foe.

Known must be the greatest men,
By the time you graduate.
Thus it is until the end,
Learning date right after date.

I'm so glad I *shall* not be
Having History in 'ninety three.

Dorothy Haskell



Rays of Sunshine, Albany Business College, Port of Albany, N. Y. An excellent paper in form and structure.

"Developed by cheer,
Envolved by sunshine,
Inscribed to the drear.
Subscribed to all Time."

Northern Light, Cordova High School, Cordova, Alaska. This clever periodical proudly asserts to us "outsiders" that though we "may have the advantages of greater variety . . . of extra-curricular activities, when Spring rolls around, it's good to be a C. H. S. student." For, (don't be jealous—remember those "activities") they "get out of school much earlier in the season and stay out much longer." When one goes "out for all day," one means, in reality, from 3 A. M. until 12 P. M.—and never sees darkness!

Commerce, Commerce High School, Springfield, Mass. Of particular interest to would-be graduates who are at the loss as to a class day program, *Commerce* High suggests you follow their example: a circus! A review of it reads in part:

"A circus performance including animals, freaks, clowns, and every feature of a real circus was presented . . . in a novel class day show."

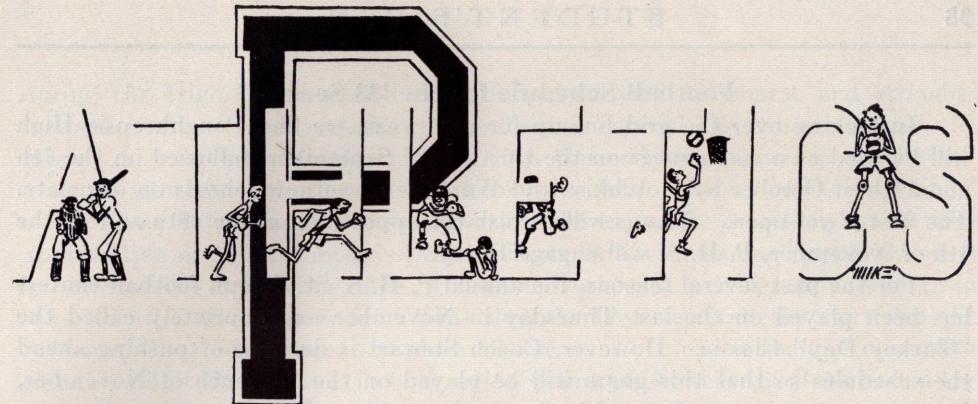
Sounds interesting, doesn't it?

Cambridge Review, Cambridge High and Latin School, Cambridge, Mass. Good work, Reviewer! This edition is fairly bubbling over with budding young authors! "A Night Ride" is well worth the honor which was bestowed on it by the judges. Why not assemble your clever contributions of poetry? Your magazine is so outstanding that we feel a poetry section would add to its distinction in making it one of the best to be reviewed by the *Pen*.

Jabberwork, Girls' Latin School, Boston, Mass. Your artistry is surely talented! Won't you compliment the contrivers for us? As for your editorial section, it has quality minus quantity, why not quality plus quantity? Don't you think your exchange department would be more complete if your criticisms "from" others were separated from those "to" others? Do hurry and come again!

Red and White, Rochester, New Hampshire. Just complete!—as one Exchange editor expressed it. We cannot be too complimentary in voicing our praises for your clever edition. May we expect your next edition very soon? Thank you.

Mildred Klein Virginia Bickford



Taft Tames Team

The Purple and White met Drury and defeat in its first game of the season staged in North Adams, May 15. Kasparyan, who started on the mound for P. H. S. allowed no hits in his four innings of tossing. Herbert (of Company's Coming. Buy your tickets in Room 231) served the pill from the 5th stanza and managed to stem the tide until the 8th rubber, when Gentile of the North-towners, picked the pill for a triple. He scored on Thirrier's single. Albris next clouted a three bagger but in an attempt to stretch it into a homer, was nabbed at the plate. This was the only scoring of the game.

"Clif" Taft of Drury secured for himself a permanent seat in the hall of fame by his superb pitching, allowing no hits and of course no runs during the entire game. He also made two hits in four trips to the plate. Trepecz, sophomore, who was the P. H. S. backstop, caught a fine game and after a few rough details are ironed out will undoubtedly prove to be a valuable member of the squad.

At the present writing Drury has captured all of her baseball contests, mostly by Taft's wonderful hurling. Pittsfield High School was represented on the sidelines, by a group of 200 students. The final score was: P. H. S. 0—Drury 2.

Walter Thomas Murphy '33

Apologies to Walter Winchell

John (football captain-elect) Kellar firmly denies all rumors that he has given up his bachelor habits and is now stepping out—I wonder if Bud Ramsey has forgotten his embarrassing moment in the locker room some weeks ago—Bud, why do you blush so—John (Muscles) Phelan still insists that P. H. S. should have a Varsity Ping Pong team—yep, 'n letters 'n everything—A scallion each to many of the athletes of P. H. S. who receive the thrills—the trips—the cheers—the letters—and still refuse to pay the nickel a week collection—The baseball captain would be very pleased if certain individuals would refrain from calling him "Cradle snatcher" (I wonder why?)—I wonder who started the rumor that one of our United States History teachers was to wed this summer—Just discovered why Jack Head is so gloomy these days; the girl at Vassar College has reduced the correspondence to only two letters a week—Poor Jack—Some people would have us believe that the president and treasurer of the graduating class are holding secret meetings—Gil Whitney, and Stew Cosgriff attended Hi-Y Congress held at Springfield last week—and in conclusion Mr. Meehan did not go to Washington to talk over the War Debt situation with President Roosevelt—No—he declined the invitation.

J. K.

Football Schedule for the '33 Season

In looking over the grid line-up for next year, we find Poughkeepsie High will be used as a commencer on the thirtieth of September, followed on the 7th and 14th of October by Hotchkiss and Worcester, two new schools on our slate. The 21st is yet open. Adams will furnish the opposition on the 28th and on the 4th of November, P. H. S. will engage Drury.

For the past several seasons, the annual P. H. S.-St. Joseph football contest has been played on the last Thursday in November—appropriately called the "Turkey Day" Classic. However, Coach Stewart is desirous of pushing ahead the schedules so that this game will be played on the Eleventh of November, thereby closing the schedules of both schools at this earlier date and saving considerable money for the schools participating.

If this suggestion is acted upon, Pittsfield High will probably play a season of eight games, possibly including a contest with Dalton.

Down the Line

By Walt Murphy

. . . Well, now that the season for our track team has arrived, we see the boys going through their paces daily under the watchful eye of Coach Carmody . . . Among the vets are Rod Pedrotti, a very promising senior of two years experience; Michleman, who will undoubtedly be a valuable asset to the team; Kellar and Calderilla of last years Varsity; also Herzig, Zarvis, and Kidney of the Berkshire County Championship Relay Team . . . The school will be represented by a tennis team . . . six capable boys in the present tournament will be chosen by Coach Carmody . . . several matches will be arranged. . . . About the golf team . . . Capt. Kellar and the boys are trying hard and deserve to be in at least one match before the Liberty Bell is sounded in the coming June . . . Walt Neprava and McMahon have turned in some fine scores . . . transportation seems to be the big problem of the golf squad . . . so . . . Ha' you a car, Charlie? . . . on June 7, P. H. S. will play Adams here on the Common . . . the tenth finds us at the Mill-Town and the season will be closed when we defeat our traditional rivals, the Drurymen, in a return game on the 14th . . . Pardon, THE last game is to be played Saturday, June 3 . . . with the Parochial Boys from North Street furnishing the opposition . . . Next year, we will possibly be without a Coach for football . . . I wonder if this not improbable situation will spell the end of P. H. S. athletics? . . . In this era of highly technicalized combines, a good mentor, of course, is essential . . . Yet, we have had teams without coaches and have faired tolerably well . . . methinks we can do it again . . . Since the Gentlemen at City Hall have seen fit to withdraw their financial support, there is no money for a coach anyway . . . and spending countless days whipping a squad of 40 or 50 boys into shape is no mean job for an unpaid mentor. . . .

At any event, the students should see to it that the Purple and White Banner is carried on the fields of battle in '33-'34 as it has been during the past thirty odd years . . . Cunningham of the *Boston Post* states that an athlete who plays the game dirty and dishonestly in his younger days will participate in the game of life in the same manner . . . Conversely, if the boy is clean and above-board

during the High-School period, he will undoubtedly be honest and straightforward in his everyday dealings after he has entered the competition of the masses . . . The exhibition which Coach Carmody supervised in the "gym" a couple of weeks ago, showed that knowledge from a book "isn't everythin'" . . . those witnessing the various parts of the enjoyable program showed their appreciation of Mr. Carmody's tireless efforts by their sustained applause when he entered the crowded gym . . . Babe Ruth sent a telegram to the train savers and of all the commendations that the boys received the one from the Sultan of Swat(S) occupied the place of honor . . . maybe some of our politicians wouldn't like to have the hold on the voting public that the Babe has on the baseball public! . . . Among those who received their Hockey letters are "Babe" Ross, who graduates in June and is considering Yale for future education, and Billy Geisker, who is also thinking of entering the Yale institution . . . J. Kellar will captain the '33 grid combine; Ken Ritchie will lead the boys in hockey; and—sorry to say—no one has been chosen to lead the P. H. S. hoopmen of '33-'34 into the fray . . . Well, in case we don't see you again, Here's Hoping for a bigger and better vacation . . .

P. H. S. Mermaids

Saturday, April 29 with a victory over the New Haven mermaids, brought to a close a very successful season of competitive swimming for Pittsfield's lassies. During the season a number of records were broken by team members—particularly by our budding champion, Dorothy Poulin, who chipped 2.9 seconds off the pool 50-yd. record, and 3 seconds off the 100 yd., at the same time coming within 1.7 seconds of the New England mark. Another swimmer who has shown much speed in the past season is Dorothy Choiniere, who specializes in crawl. In the backstroke lineup, both Mary Dunn and Claire Germaine showed up well and much is to be expected of them in the future. And we must not forget our diminutive diver, Ida Lightman, whose performance it is well worth anyone's time to see.

The Varsity line-up:—

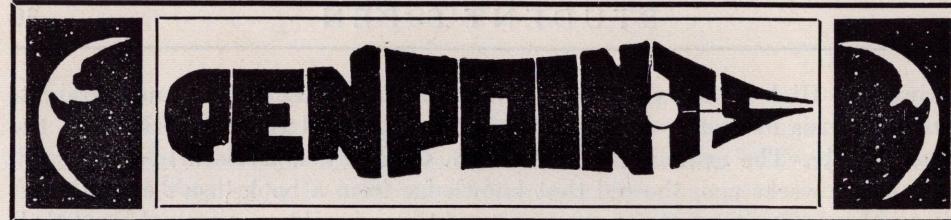
75-yd. medley relay—Miller or Dunn, Poulin, Choiniere.
50-yd. breast stroke—Poulin, Maley, Shortell.
50-yd. free style—Choiniere, Cuthbertson.
50-yd. back crawl—Dunn, Germaine, Miller.
100-yd. free style—Choiniere, Miller, Perry, Renne.
100-yd. relay—Choiniere, Miller, Renne, Perry, Cuthbertson.
Diving—Lightman, Forni.

In the schoolgirl league, Pittsfield also found the top, leaving St. Joseph's and the Alumnae teams far in the background.

The P. H. S. line-up:—

75-yd. medley relay—Dunn, Poulin, Choiniere.
50-yd. breast stroke—Poulin.
50-yd. free style—Choiniere, Thompson.
50-yd. back crawl—Dunn, Germaine.
Diving—Lightman.
100-yd. relay—Choiniere, Thompson, Hill, Flynn.

Walt Murphy



Fellow students add to your list of public enemies the name of George Bernard Shaw who writes:—Youth is a wonderful thing—'tis a pity it is wasted on the young.

* * * *

We agree that most boys are eager to protect their native land—but nobody heeds the call to arms as quickly as a girl.

* * * *

The place—a country road.

The time—late on a moonlight night.

The characters—a couple parked in a car and a cop.

Now go on with the story

The cop: "You can't waste your time parking here."

Masculine Voice: "I'm not wasting my time."

* * * *

We agree with Miss Daley, who says that the most annoying thing in a classroom is to hear someone coughing.—How can a student sleep with all that noise going on.

* * * *

Every time we go to town we give our seats in the bus to somebody. Sure we are big hearted. We always walk.

* * * *

The strange odor one experiences after leaving the chemistry laboratory undoubtedly is fresh air.

* * * *

I hate to drag Dud Head into this; but no fooling! he thinks a caboose is an Indian baby.

* * * *

A dope, according to Pansy Kidney, is a fellow who considers it a build up when you tell him he looks like 30c.

* * * *

They're still searching for the fellow who stated, "I may be a poor man, but when my shoes wear out I'll be on my feet again."

* * * *

THANX, THANX, AND THANX TO N. R. AND H. A. FOR THEIR WORTHY ASSISTANCE.

* * * *

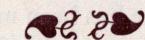
The Sophomores Revolt

Abie Michelson (the mayor of Sophomorville) suggests that when the dear, dear, Juniors stop playing cops and robbers—why not kidnap each other and lose themselves in the woods.

Joseph Keegan '33

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The courses at the New England Conservatory of Music in Boston are arranged to meet the needs of those who want to study one subject only, or the courses leading to a diploma or degree in Music. The courses are conducted by teachers and musicians who are considered leaders in the field of musical education.

If after graduation from high school you will be engaged in some other line of gainful activity during the day, this is no reason why you need discontinue vocal or instrumental studies. The New England Conservatory offers evening instruction for those students engaged during the day.

The New England Conservatory has three orchestras, a brass band, a choral class, and a dramatic department . . . These organizations are open to students who have reached the degree of proficiency demanded to maintain the high standard required. The 85-piece orchestra of the New England Conservatory broadcasts frequently over local and national chain radio stations.

Tuition fees are made as low as possible to make it easy for young people to avail themselves of this great opportunity to study at one of the most famous conservatories in America.

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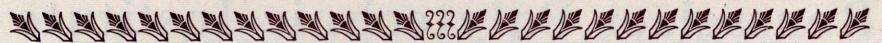
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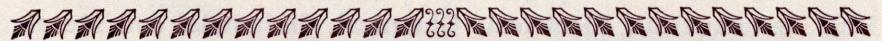
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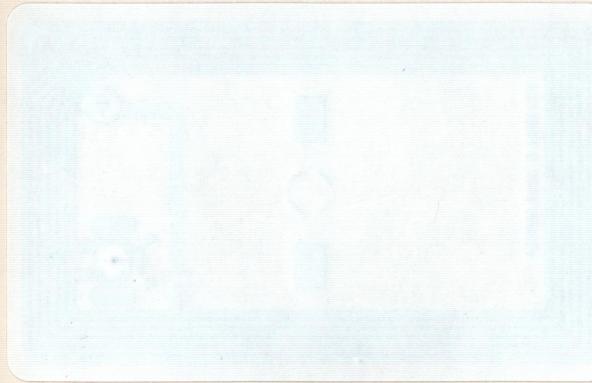
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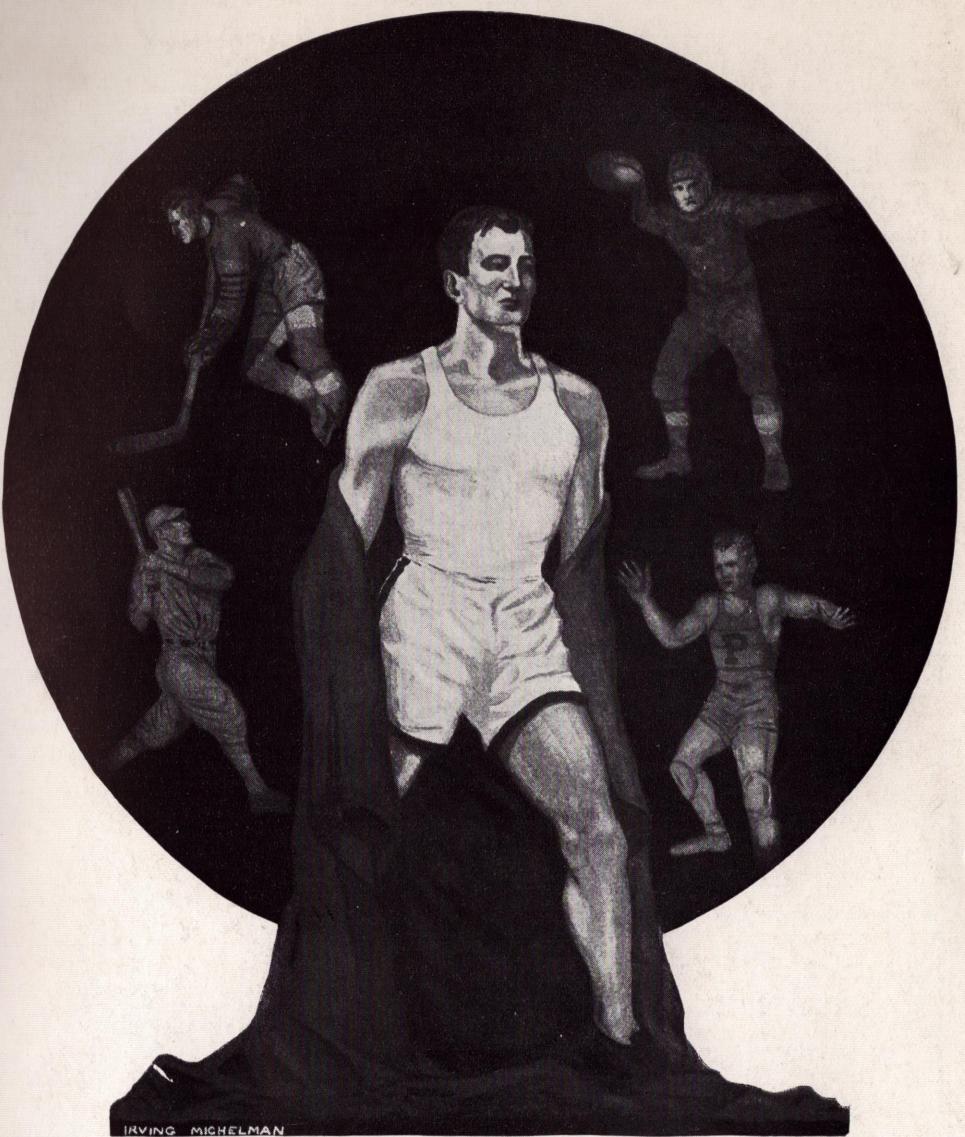
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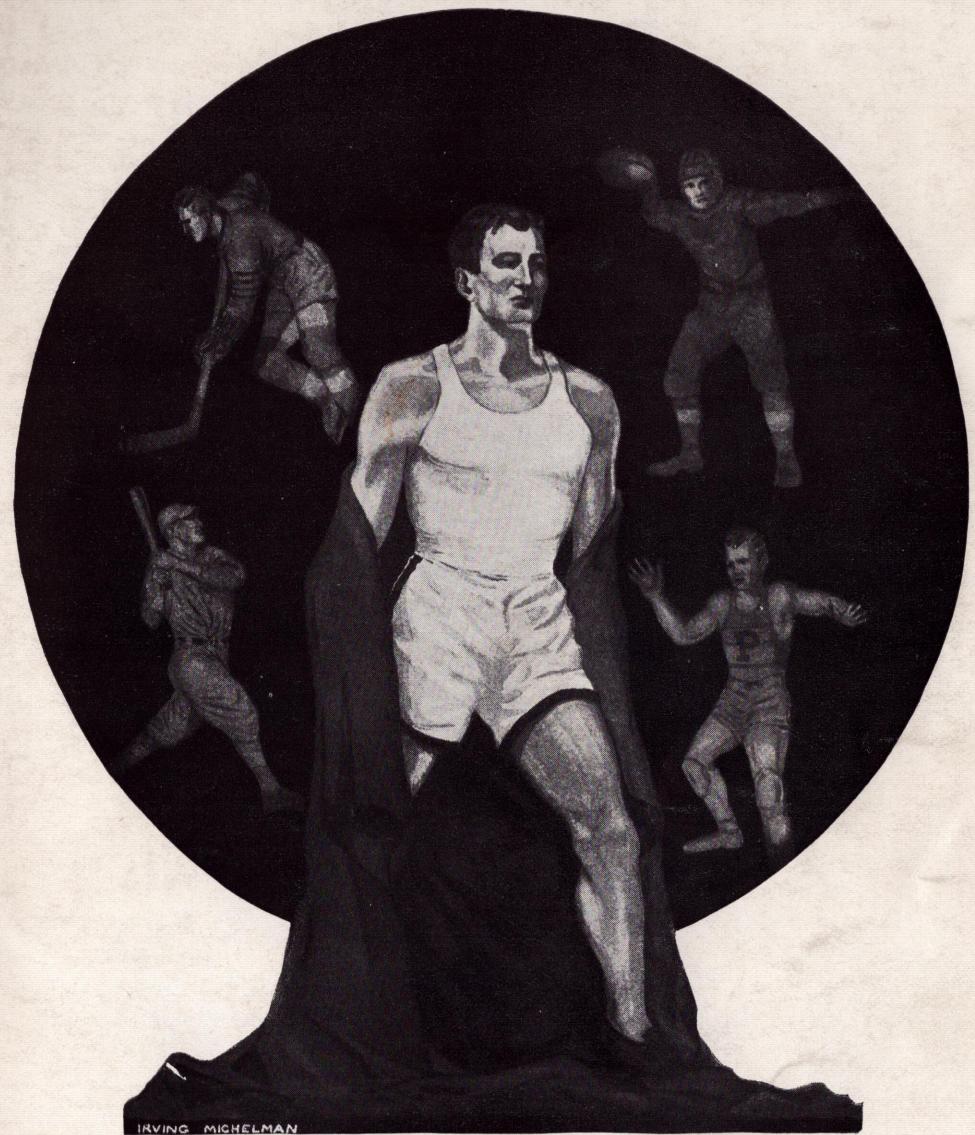


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